

Harry Potter and the Magic Menagerie

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Summary: Harry Potter and Ron are about to get a little surprise!
Can't wait for book 4? Read this!

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>
 Chapter 1

>
(Best if read after Harry Potter (3) and the Prisoner of Azkaban.)

>
The day was bright and cheerful outside. Harry, Ron, and Hermione sat at the Gryffindor table in the great hall eating breakfast, and enjoying the start of what looked to be a beautiful day. Even a mean chortle from Crabbe behind them didn't seem to spoil the mood. Then Malfoy appeared in front of them.

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"Aren't you supposed to be at the Slytherin table?" asked Harry curtly.

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"Not if I'm here with my friends" smirked Malfoy.

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"I thought you didn't have any friends," quipped Harry, but Malfoy seemed to ignore this last comment.

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"Did you have a good weekend?" asked Malfoy unperplexed.

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"Yes we did," chimed in Hermione. "You weren't there!"

>
"Funny you'd mention it," said Malfoy with a malicious grin. "That's just what I was going to tell you about! I wasn't here, was I. As a matter a fact I was with my dad, and we had a little weekend away together, just father and son, but I guess you wouldn't know

>about that sort of thing, would you Potter! Guess where we were," added Malfoy.

>"Knockturn Alley?" replied Harry innocently, turning redder and redder by the instant.

>"How did you kn.... I mean, of course not! Diagon alley! Dad and I visited the Magical Menagerie. Dad thought I deserved a new owl," Malfoy stated.

>"A barn owl?" asked Harry, unimpressed.

>"No," said Malfoy nonchalantly. I got the best owl money could buy,

but that's beside the point! I found myself another little pet too!

>"I feel sorry for it already," slipped in Ron.

>"Oh, I'm sure you will!" retorted Malfoy. "Look what we've got here!"
Malfoy pulled a terrified looking rat out by the tail, with balding spots where small tufts of hair had fallen out.

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"Pettigrew!" they all shouted, horrified.
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"Who the heck is Pettigrew?" Malfoy, asked confused. I thought you called him Scabbers!" The rat seemed to tremble more than ever now.
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"Are you kid... ow!!" shouted Ron, as Hermione kicked him under the table.
>
"Yes, that's Scabbers," stated Hermione, hoping Malfoy didn't notice the look of horror on Ron's face. It was so nice of you to get him back for Ron. You know, you're not so bad after all. Now how much do we owe you for getting him back?" asked Hermione, >hoping for the impossible.

>"Oh, you don't owe me anything!" stated Malfoy, with an uncharacteristic smile on his face. "Any time I can do a favor for a friend!!" he added. Ron and Harry sat there with their mouths hanging open, a suspicious look in Harry's eyes. I think it was you Harry
who said, "you have to be a friend to have a friend, and I haven't been much of a friend to any of you," Malfoy said, with a suspicious grin on his face. "I know how hard it is for Ron's family to buy him another rat, with them being sooo poor and all. Ron's face reddened. And I know it's even harder for poor Hermione to find cat food here at Hogwarts, so I thought I could kill two birds with one stone, or one rat at least! I could give you back your rat, and feed poor Hermione's cat at the same time! Oh Goyle!", Malfoy yelled. Scabbers started to struggle like he was going out of his mind about this time, which he probably was. "I couldn't believe it when I found out someone had found this mangy rat and sold it to the Magic Menagerie," he interjected. "Probably didn't want it! I don't blame them."
>
Just about this time, Goyle turned up with Crookshanks under his arm. "You're going to feed Pettigrew to Croo... ow!" shouted Ron again as Hermione kicked him under the table. "Oh no, pleeease don't feed my rat to Hermione's cat!!", Ron exclaimed sarcastically.

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"I don't think even YOU could be that mean," added Hermione.

>
"Think again!" said Malfoy.
>
Just about then a shadow fell over the Gryffindor table. "What are you doing with a cat inside the hall?" boomed Professor McGonagall's voice. You know that's not permitted!" Scabbers/Pettigrew seemed to settle down a bit. "Now get that animal out of here!" Professor McGonagall stated more gruffly than usual. "That can't be hygienic -a cat at >the breakfast table - and isn't that your pet rat, Ron?" she added.

>"Yes it is!" exclaimed Hermione innocently, "and Malfoy won't give it back!"

>"I bought it fair and square," shouted Malfoy, turning a little whiter than before. "I bought him at the Magical Menagerie."

>"Now Malfoy, do the really think I'm that dumb. I might be considerably older than you, but that doesn't mean I'm senile! We've all seen Ron with that rat since he first started at Hogwarts, and his brother before that! That rat's, well... unmistakable! Now give

it back to Ron - NOW!"

>"But.."

>"NOW!" exclaimed Professor McGonagall.

>Ron gingerly took the rat by the tail with a look on his face as if it had just finished rolling for half an hour in a box of steer manure. Malfoy handed it back to him with a look of pure hatred on his face. "Ron, what's wrong with you?" asked Professor McGonagall. "You look like he just gave you a pair of his dirty socks! You DID want it
back didn't you?"

>
"Yes, Professor McGonagall," stated Ron, turning a little whiter than usual.

>
"Now take him up to your room. Rats don't belong at the breakfast table!"

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Scabbers/Pettigrew had started trembling again. Ron, Harry and Hermione all got up to leave the table. Malfoy, Goyle and Crabbe had all disappeared outside the hall by now.

>
"Harry, aren't you going to finish your breakfast? There's no need to be wasteful. YOU don't have any pet to take back to your room, do you now?"

>
"I don't feel too good! My stomach's starting to hurt," Harry stated truthfully.

>
"I don't feel very WELL," corrected Professor McGonagall. "Very well then, I hope you get feeling better," said Professor McGonagall. "Would you like me to call Madame

>Pomfrey?" she added.

>"No," stated Harry, feeling sicker than ever.

>When Harry stepped out in the hall, he found Hermione, and Ron, who was looking whiter than ever. "What's wrong?" Harry asked immediately, looking at Hermione's face.

>"Crabbe tripped Ron and Malfoy got Scabbers and he's going to feed him to Crookshanks!"

>"So?" asked Harry. Wouldn't you LIKE him to feed Scabbers to Crookshanks?"

>"I can't believe you said that!" came an angry voice from behind Harry. "You of all people!" Professor McGonagall had decided that maybe Harry did need to go see Madame Pomfrey, no matter what he said. He was looking paler than ever. "I would have expected that from Draco Malfoy, but never from you! I never felt so disappointed! Harry that's cruel - and
it's your FRIEND'S pet!"

>
"But I want him to feed Scabbers to Crookshanks" interjected Ron without thinking.

>
Professor McGonagall's mouth hung open, but no sound seemed to be coming out. "Well we'll see about that!" she snapped when she'd composed herself after a few seconds. "Which way did Malfoy go?" she demanded.

>
"That way Professor McGonagall," Hermione stated, pointing in the direction Malfoy and his friends had ran, her heart sinking.

>
All three followed Professor McGonagall at a trot. "I think there's something we need to tell you," huffed Harry, almost at a run to keep up.

>
"Now's not the time!" snapped Professor McGonagall. "We have something cruel and vicious to stop. I'm sure you'll have plenty of explaining to do later!"

>
Hermione shot Harry a glance full of dread, but it turned out that not much explaining would be needed. Just then, as they turned a corner, they saw Malfoy pushing Scabbers towards Crookshanks.

Scabbers was trembling violently, and trying to get away. If a cat could ever look happy, Crookshanks did. It put its paws on Scabber's tail, and opened it's mouth wide, showing a couple of row of sharp

gleaming teeth.

>"Time for dinner!" Malfoy cackled.

>Just then, Scabbers started trembling more violently than ever, and he appeared to be getting slightly bigger. "I think it's having a heart attack!" someone shouted from a small crowd that was forming.

>Then it happened.....

>
Chapter 2 Petti...grew

>
The rat's neck started to get longer, and it's limbs stretched out, its body getting quickly larger and larger. Harry started to reach inside of his robe for his wand. Almost as soon as it began, a small man was standing before Harry and his friends. A bald spot stood out on top of his head. The crowd stood there as if glued to the spot, without making a sound. Most of their mouths were hanging open. Only Harry, Ron and Hermione didn't look surprised. Harry had a look of determination on his face.

>
"So, you thought you could feed me to the cat, did you? I'm sure Lord Voldemort will be very pleased with how you've treated his servant," Pettigrew said angrily, still remembering what had almost happened to him.. I'll make sure to tell him all about it," he said glaring at Malfoy. Malfoy turned a pale shade of green. Then his eyes darted

>back to Harry. But I have a little bit of business to finish first, said Pettigrew, dryly, unless a hall full of students think they can take Lord Voldemort's right hand man - but I don't suggest it," he added. "It could get ugly, like last time. Real Sirius business, you
might say!" he added, laughing. Too bad I didn't have a chance to kill him too, but the committee did better than I ever could have done. If there's anything worse than death, it has to be Azkaban!"

>
"Oh, I don't think we'll be needing the students to take care of you," came a voice from behind Harry. Professor McGonagall's hand was reaching in her robe. Pettigrew started to tremble a little now - then the Professor went a sick shade of white.

>
"What's the matter? Forgot your wand? You mean you don't carry it with you to deal with those dangerous students eating breakfast at the table?? Oh, how sad! You should have known you'd be needing protection then, shouldn't you have, but no matter. I have

>a feeling you all won't care in a moment anyway - that is, unless you wind up like Headless Nick!" Pettigrew snorted.

>Harry's hand went instinctively for the wand he had tucked in his robe.
 "Not so fast!" shouted Pettigrew, snatching it out of Harry's hand before he could stop him. "I'll be needing this. So kind of you to provide me with it! You'll never learn, will you!" "Nunc

>Totti Morti!" shouted Pettigrew. Everyone cringed except Harry, who, was smiling triumphantly.

>"Expelliarmus!" shouted Harry, a new, darker wand unexpectedly in his hand. The wand shot out of Pettigrew's hand.

>"Wha??? How???" Pettigrew sputtered.

>"You shouldn't play with your food!" Harry said, as he suppressed a snicker. Licorice wands are fun to eat, but don't work well when you try to cast a spell with them!" Harry stated plaintively, brandishing his real wand. "So I won't ever learn, will I?"

>"What are you going to do with that?" asked Pettigrew, growing a paler shade of white than ever, and glancing at Harry's wand. "Oh, don't worry," replied Harry. Nothing you
wouldn't do yourself!" Pettigrew seemed to grow even paler yet, if that was possible. He was trembling violently now. Wait, said Pettigrew, thinking quickly and looking slightly more confident. Before I go, I have a little present

for you." He then proceeded to

>extract a small object from his pocket. "It belonged to your parents. You might as well have it. I can see I won't be needing it anymore."

>Harry knew that he shouldn't, but he couldn't resist at least taking a look at it. What if it really did belong to his parents? If he didn't he might never know.

>"No Harry!" came a deep voice from behind Pettigrew. It was Albus Dumbledore.

>"That's a figure of a grim!" shouted Hermione.

>"Yes, it is," replied Dumbledore. It was found missing years ago. I was supposed to see to its disposal. We never knew what happened to it. Anyone not faithful to Lord Voldemort who's ever touched it either died, or went insane within a short time afterwards, and yes, it did belong to your parents - for a very short time. We never knew
who gave it to them. They thought it was a joke. I only wish I could have known sooner. Maybe I could have saved them from Voldemort. So, Pettigrew, it really is true! It was hard for me to believe it, but now I guess I have to. I heard it with my own ears!"

>
All of a sudden Pettigrew lunged for the real wand Harry had in his hand, Pettigrew's face a mask of desperation at the sudden appearance of Albus Dumbledore..

>
"Look out!" yelled Hermione, a sudden look of horror on her face.

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"Petrificus totalis!" shouted Harry, a flourish of blue sparks springing from his wand. All at once, Pettigrew went as rigid as a rock. In fact he was a rock - petrified from head to foot by Harry Potter's wand.

>
Ron had started to get some of his colour back. "Well at least it looks like he's not going anywhere for a while! We're all out of mandrakes. Professor Sprout told me in our last class!"

>
"Oh, I don't think he'll be staying put too long," stated Dumbledore. Ron looked at him with a confused stare. "I never thought I'd hear myself say this again, but I think we're going to need to bring in the dementors. I'm sure they won't mind his present condition. I think they have access to mandrakes, but I'm not sure Mr. Pettigrew will be too happy about that once he wakes up and discovers where he is. Professor McGonagall, contact Azkaban please."

>
"Yes, of course," stated Professor McGonagall, turning towards to leave hurriedly.

>
"You'll probably want to leave before they come, Harry," stated Professor Dumbledore.

>
For the first time Malfoy snickeedr a bit, before remembering Pettigrew's promise.

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"Is he ever going to be able to talk again?" cut in Malfoy.

>
"Oh, I'm sure he will be soon, once he's handed over to Azkaban," replied Dumbledore.

>
Malfoy started to turn back to his previous shade of green. "And just imagine," interrupted Crabbe, "it couldn't have happened Draco, if you wouldn't have.."

>
"Shut up!" shouted Malfoy.

>
"Oh, and Harry," asked Dumbledore, "where did you get a Licorice wand? I thought they only sold those at Hogsmeade!" Harry's heart gave a lurch. "But considering the circumstances, I guess we can let that question stand. Two hundred points for Gryffindor!"

>
Malfoy's face fell even further as the Gryffindor students

erupted in a bout of cheers!

>
"You better get going", said Dumbledore. "And here, have a chocolate frog....no, take three. You look like you need it! - and thanks. I think you'll have a bright future here at

>Hogwarts!"

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>Disclaimers: All characters belong to J. K. Rowling. Only the ideas are mine.

>P.S. If anyone wants a sequel to this, let me know, and I suppose I might oblige you. I suppose there are many more (yet unwritten) stories where this one came from.

End
file.